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me, I can't help you. I'm going—Counsellor, dear—going quick—but I'd like to do justice first, so just put in a legacy of £500 now to my dear and valued friend, meaning yourself, avick, and make it so that it can't be broke now."

"Kedagh—my dear Kedagh—this is so good—so generous—really I must forget and forgive now, though to tell the truth, Kedagh, I *was* angry."

"Ah, Anthony, my darling, this is just like your father—rest his soul—but 'deed I was wrong."

"Kedagh—now—my dear friend—this generosity—"

"Counsellor, dear—I always intended it."

"My dear friend, this is a melancholy duty, and trust me, that all my talents can do shall be done for you, to secure your little property."

"Ah, Anthony, my darling, give me your hand—where are you avick?—I knew it was in your father's son to be generous—so now sit down Counsellor, dear, and let us to business, an' don't forget the five hundred."

The will was drawn and approved, not forgetting the five hundred; and Kedagh, after uttering a profusion of thanks, for what Malone assured him, was a will that all the lawyers in Ireland couldn't break; requested it should be left with him to get copied, after which, when completed, it should be left with himself. Malone, of course, acceded, and a day was appointed when he should return, and receive the sacred trust from the hands of the dying man. The day came, and with it the punctual Counsellor—who was no little surprised to find Kedagh out of bed, and much improved in personal appearance.—"I am better, avick," said he, "thank Goodness—a deal better and able to sit up; but sure, who knows how long it will last with all the trouble I'm in. May be now, Counsellor dear, you could advise me a bit—here's the will, avick—put it up in your breast pocket now safe, for a deal depends on that bit of a parcel—but I was talking about the law—it's this way avick." And Kedagh proceeded with a long explanation of all the ins and outs of his new troubles, and received from his kind-hearted friend, such assurances of assistance as completely satisfied him. From this time forward, Kedagh became better and better by beautiful gradations of convalescence, until at last he was reported quite well to his disappointed expectants. His cause was undertaken spiritedly by Malone, and, it is needless to say, that it succeeded—the friendship of the Counsellor became now as conspicuous as the contrary feelings were formerly, and excited the surprise of all who knew both, which was still more heightened, when Kedagh was called to his people at last—by Malone's attending his corpse to the grave as one of the chief mourners, and conducting all the affairs of the funeral. No sooner was our poor hero safely deposited, than Malone announced to the relatives that the will was lodged with him, and collected all of them in his parlour, for the purpose of reading the important instrument to them.

All preliminaries being arranged—the parties seated—sentiments of condolence expressed on all sides, and Kedagh's honesty and goodness boldly asserted by every one, and a defiance hurled at all gainsayers, the will was produced—acknowledged—and handed to Mr. Mathews, Malone's clerk, for perusal. He began, and according as he proceeded and settled with each devisee or legatee, as the case was. "My poor father," blubber'd one of the fortunates, and another, and another, in due succession as they ascertained their good luck, until the clerk's voice could scarce be heard amid the general din. Malone was, however, listening all the time with that quiet sort of satisfaction which we feel, when we know that hope and certainty are to shake hands; until the clerk had dispatched the sentence immediately preceding his part of the will, and continued on, as it were, skipping the important sentence.

"Now, now, Mathews, my good fellow" said the Counsellor interrupting him, "do not be so precipitate, pray—go on—in such serious matters as these, it is very unbecoming to be so giddy—go on, if you please—' and to my dear and valued friend—go on, pray—don't you see it?"

"Faith, Sir," said the puzzled clerk, looking over the whole document, "I don't see e'er a dear and valued friend in it from top to bottom."

"Mr. Mathews, you are insufferably stupid, and really this will not do at all—give me the will, Sir, and seizing it from the hands of the terrified clerk, he looked over, and over it, but in vain—the titter could no longer be suppressed—it was too bad.

"Kedagh! Kedagh! you lived a rogue and you died a rogue," exclaimed the outwitted lawyer, and bolted out of the room, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of the company.

"Kedagh, true to the last, copied every line of the well drawn instrument, but the part containing the legacy—and gained all his ends—and cheated a Counsellor.

M.C.

#### CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENS AT NIGHT.

There is no sight more truly wonderful than a view of the interminable expanse of ether at this period, when the sun has withdrawn his light, and the sky is spangled with thousands of orbs, that twinkle throughout his wide and unbounded range. How exalted must be our ideas of that Omnipotent who formed this world, when we consider, that great and measureless as is the view which we have of his works, yet that in reality we see but a very small portion of them. Each star which we see is not that little dazzling ball of fire which it appears, but is itself a sun, the centre of other worlds like our own, round which they revolve in endless infinity. Philosophers tell us that there are some stars placed at such an immeasurable distance, that though the light from them has been travelling since the creation, it has not yet reached the earth. This, considering the velocity with which light is transmitted, can give us some idea of the proportion which this earth bears to all the works of God.

#### ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY.

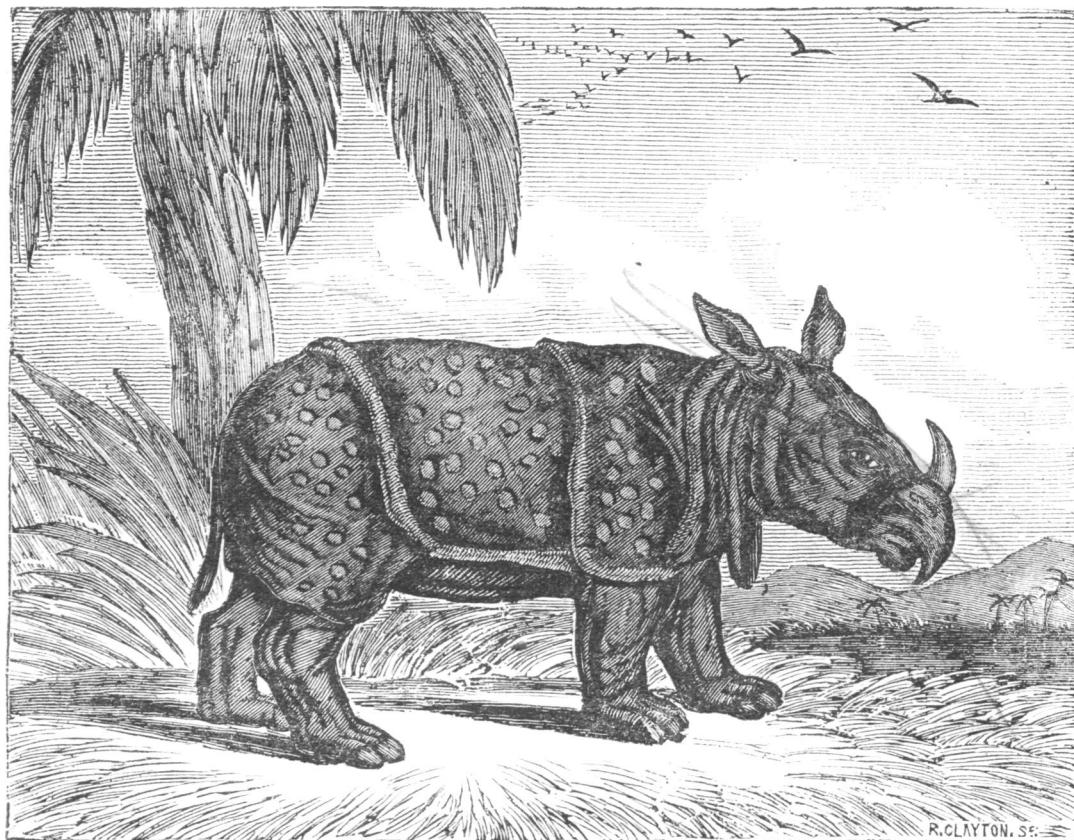
"There is no study," says Seneca, "more amusing in itself, or more instructive and improving to the mind, than that of history. Works of fiction are the gilded baubles, that appear attractive; but history is the sterling gold, that really possesses value."

This apophthegm of the philosopher needs not much argument to enforce it. We can, perhaps, in no way form a correcter estimate of the great worth of history, than by supposing ourselves to be at present without its aid; and thus we cannot but see, how narrow and contracted would be our conceptions of things, if our knowledge were not enlarged by the history of other times, but was confined merely to what we derived either from our own experience, or from that of those immediately preceding us. It is very problematical whether civilization would have progressed with such rapid strides as it has done, if each successive generation were not illumined by the light of history; and though, perhaps, it would be too bold an assertion positively to say, that but for it we would differ little from our Saxon ancestors, yet it is quite certain that even if we did differ, we would not be able duly to appreciate our present condition, if we had not the page of history to prove to us how much the refinement of the present day is superior to the barbarism of the Heptarchy. There is no one to whom his country is more indebted, than to the faithful historian. Philosophers may raise her in the world of science; poets may draw upon her general admiration; and warriors render her name terrible among other nations; but the excellencies of all these in their several departments, would be evanescent and transitory, or at most confined to but a few generations, if they had not the page of history to affix to them a perpetuity of fame. How little of the general history of ancient Greece would we be able to collect from the verses of Homer or Hesiod; while, on the other hand, how much more do we appreciate even their beauties, when the mist that hangs over those olden days is partially dispelled by the light reflected from the pages of Thucydides and Xenophon. All the wondrous deeds of ancient times, the exploits of an Alexander or a Hannibal, of a Miltiades or a Leonidas, the glories of Marathon and Thermopylae, would be unknown to us now save in the indistinct allusions of the poets and the orators, if it were not for the page of history. To the statesman no study is more pre-

eminently useful; it may, indeed, be styled the grand emporium of political wisdom—by it the experience of the parts is concentrated into one mass, and made to bear upon the exigencies of the present, and thus the result and working of measures, which otherwise would be but speculatively conjectural, is foreseen with almost the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. By history a new element is added to our being—we become creatures not only of the present, but also of the past, and, in many cases, of the future. It is history which expands and en-

larges our views—it gives to our minds that firm, discursive, ubiquitous power by which they are not confined to a particular locality, but become denizens of other countries. By history, the circle of our existence and of our social affections is enlarged; with it we feel the general bond of union between us and our fellow-creatures of all ages. Maintained without it, the connecting link would be broken, and we would be mere isolated creatures in a world that had no peculiar associations but those of animal instinct to attach us to it.

W. R.



Nelson, del.

## THE RHINOCEROS.

The above animal, lately exhibited in the Zoological Gardens, is of the Indian species, (*Rhinoceros Indicus*.) He was taken about fifteen hundred miles from Calcutta by some Indigo planters, (the particular place is not known,) where he had, with his mother, been doing great mischief. A pit was prepared, in which both of them were caught. The mother was so savage, that they were obliged to kill her. The young one was sent to Calcutta, where it was shipped on board the William Farleigh, East Indiaman, for London, and arrived there in June, 1834. It was purchased by Mr. Atkins of the Liverpool Zoological Gardens for the sum of one thousand pounds. It is at present in excellent health, and has grown four inches in height since his arrival in England, and bulky in proportion. He is now four years old, and it is supposed he will grow till he is twelve. His present height is four feet eight inches; and in length he is nine feet. Notwithstanding the thickness of his skin, he is sensible to the slightest touch of even the smallest stick. He is very indolent, never rising except when driven to do so by the keeper. He does not possess in the least degree the sagacity of the elephant; on the contrary, he appears to be a very heavy dull animal.

The rhinoceros, we are told, at the age of two years, is not taller than a young cow that has never produced. But his body is very long and very thick. His head is disproportionately large. From the ears to the horn there is a concavity, the two extremities of which, namely, the upper end of the muzzle, and the part near the ears, are considerably raised. The horn is black, smooth at the top, but full of wrinkles, directed backward

at the base. The nostrils are situated very low, being not above an inch from the opening of the mouth. The under lip is pretty similar to that of the ox; but the upper lip has a greater resemblance to that of the horse, with this advantageous difference, that the rhinoceros can lengthen this lip, move it from side to side, roll it about a staff, and seize with it any object he wishes to carry to his mouth. The tongue of the young rhinoceros is soft, like that of a calf. His eyes, in figure, resemble those of the hog, but situated lower, or nearer the nostrils, than in any other quadruped. His ears are large, thin at the extremities, and contracted at their origin by a kind of angular rugosity. The neck is very short, and surrounded with two large folds of skin. The shoulders are very thick, and at their juncture there is another fold of skin, which descends upon the fore legs. The legs are round, thick, strong, and their joint bent backwards. This joint, which, when the animal lies, is covered with a remarkable fold of the skin, appears when he stands. The tale is thin, and proportionally short. It becomes a little thicker at the extremity, which is garnished with some short, thick, hard hairs. The female exactly resembles the male in figure and grossness of body. The skin is every where covered more or less with incrustations in the form of galls or tuberosities, which are pretty small on the top of the neck and back, but become larger on the sides. The largest are on the shoulders and crupper, are still pretty large on the thighs and legs, upon which they are spread all round, and even on the feet. But between the folds the skin is penetrable, delicate, and as soft to the touch as silk while the external part of the fold is equally hard with